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the canines, but in every other respect it is perfect. The handling of color is excellent.

"Storm off the Coast of Norway," by Holst, is a careful study of a rock-bound coast, a raging surf, immense waves, an almost dismantled wreck, and the crew just landing on shore. In the handling of the water, in its translucency and action, there is great truthfulness; the sky is dark and gloomy, and the heavy masses of clouds, pregnant with storm and disaster, seem to be borne along in the arms of a hurricane. There is a coldness in the color of the figures, which somewhat detracts from the general effect, and this peculiarity we have noticed in many of his most ambitious works.

"Ice Bound," by this artist, is a scene somewhere up in the neighborhood of the north pole, and doubtless was suggested by Church's icebergs. It, however, can only be called a trifle; there is wanting the marvelous play and combination of color that mark the setting sun in those northern latitudes.

Mayer, of Brooklyn, sends two capital *genres*, animal studies, exhibiting the ruling passion strong in sickness. A Scotch terrier sick in bed, and the same on the *qui vive*, ears erect, eyes aglow, on the look out for the rodent, who is supposed to be about, on hearing the cry, "Sic! rats!"

Wilsch's "View of Venice," with the blue Adriatic in the foreground, is one of the most carefully finished pictures in the exhibition. There is nothing for the critic to do but commend it.

Two coast scenes very much in the same vein, Musin and Schellouch, are exquisite views of fishing life on the Holland beach.

Verboeckhoven is recognized by his sheep, lamb, and chicken.

Two studies, by Brookes, of San Francisco, are on exhibition. One, a couple of fish, is elegantly finished. The other, though not completed, is faulty in composition.

"The Proposal," by Erdmann, the private property of a gentleman in this city, is, without exception, the finest specimen of the modern French school in the gallery. In drawing, in color, expression, and attention to detail, it is perfect, and tells its own story with a clearness that needs no explanation.

Billy Beard sends two sketches, both of which are very ordinary, and remarkable only for want of point and absence even of decent drawing. Van Coomer is the reputed author of the "Coming Storm," but we question very much the originality of the composition. A shepherd has huddled his flock in the vicinity of a wayside cross, which his Sunday school lessons incline him to believe will be a protection from the coming storm. The sheep are admirably drawn and colored, but in every other respect there is a positive weakness.

Robie—and who has not heard of or seen the wonderful flower pictures of this artist?—is represented by a magnificent bouquet, in which buds, leaves, and stems are painted with the most fidelity.

The collection of water colors is small but exquisite—mostly flower pieces, from the pencil of Miss De Gollyer, Mrs. Bulkley, and Mrs. Fisher.

G. M. GOMEZ.

ST. LOUIS.

Messrs. Pettis & Leathe, in their new rooms on Fourth street, have opened a small room, on the ground floor, for the exhibition of a limited number of pictures, in which the conditions of light are better than in the old gallery. Quite a number of good foreign and native pictures are to be seen there, and the people are resorting to it. The artists in the insurance building have about established the custom of receiving visitors on Saturday afternoon, and find it a pleasant arrangement. But we feel continually the need of a public gallery. I regret to say that the day seem as far off as ever when such an enterprise may be inaugurated.

There is at Pettis & Leathe's two small animal pieces by Tait, painted in his best style, and a larger picture, in which the figure of a girl and the landscape is by James M. Hart, and a fine show of ducks and ducklings by Tait. They have also two pictures by Van Starckenbrough, lately received from Germany, both of great merit. One of these, a view beside a river swollen by heavy rains, which are now passing away, leaving the air full of mist, and the foliage and ground moist and tender, is nearly all that one can desire in the way of art. Some fine old oaks are painted with great truthfulness and wealth of patience and labor.

A. G. Powers has had on exhibition portraits of Prof. Bonham and wife, painted in his best style. He has also in his studio some good heads of well-known citizens, that are very satisfactory.

Conant has portraits of a gentleman and lady, in every way worthy of him. The head of the gentleman is full of energy, and painted with more than his usual freedom. Two children, at full length, do not please us near as well.

Eichbaum has finished the head of an old lady that is worthy of commendation. It is painted as if he intended to make something of it, and the will of the artist has mastered the subject.

J. W. Pattison has finished two pictures, both the result of his Minnesota studies. The Home of the Butterflies, and Summer Flowers. The figure of a beautiful girl in the last, is from the pencil of Stuart. These pictures show somewhat of the same talent that we praised in his Pike's Peak. He aims to put in his work enough of the ideal to give them a charm beyond the actual representation—which is in the right direction to reach the highest art.

J. R. Meeker has in his studio several new examples of studies near home, and a good Rocky Mountain Scene. There are also two pictures at Harding's that please us. One, a Rocky Mountain Scene, full of the loveliness and sombre distance that impresses one in those regions; and a sketch near Arcadia, in Missouri, quiet and sunny, with good middle ground.

His picture of Louisiana Scenery, now on exhibition, I think, in Chicago, is to be engraved on steel soon, and appear in the *Ladies' Repository*, published at Cincinnati.

Mr. J. R. Stuart has been lately producing some fine drawings in charcoal, in which he has a skill acquired abroad. There is also in his studio two excellent portraits, lately from his easel, in which we find his usual excellencies.

Mr. J. Pope, of New York, has been spending sometime in St. Louis, and has painted several

portraits which have been much commended. Three or four of these, at Pettis & Leathe's, give a good idea of his abilities, I presume. His flesh tints are pure and brilliant, and there is a delightful air of lightness in all of them, but there is such evidence of haste in some parts, such careless handling and uncertain drawing, that he fails to impress one as a conscientious artist. However pleasing such pictures may be to the masses, they cannot establish the reputation that every artist should labor for.

J. W. McDonald has at the same place his bust of Mr. Harrison, a well-known St. Louis citizen, lately deceased. The likeness is creditable, for the subject had a head and face that once seen could not be easily forgotten, but this bust, like everything I have seen from the artist, has no art in it. It is stone—only this, and nothing more. There is no texture of flesh about it, no breath of genius upon it, and not much skill even of the stone-cutter.

ÆOLIA.

AMERICAN ART LITERATURE.

SPIRIT OF OUR ART WRITERS.

BALL'S STATUE OF GOV. ANDREW.

The Boston *Commonwealth*, authority in matters of art, is severe in its estimate of Thomas Ball's marble Statue, of the late Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, which was formally unveiled and presented to the Commonwealth, on Tuesday forenoon, February 14, in the Doric Hall of the State House. The critic says:

"The intimations of the daily press, that the Andrew statue is a failure, have been more than realized, now that it stands in the clear light of day, and time is given for a full observation of its various phases. Boston has not the credit of possessing many superior works of statuary, particularly of full-length human figures, but bad as the worst of them may be, we have now a statue that, in positive incongruity and palpable error, probably exceeds them all. In truth, there is scarcely a feature in the Andrew, save its remarkable purity of stone, that wins unqualified approbation."

He then commences at the feet, and finds "well-delineated congress boots; and passes to the trowsers, which are "unduly baggy," and worse yet, are leg-less; to the cloak, which is unsatisfactorily draped; and finally—

"Rising to the head, the worse defects, possibly, are here manifest. The likeness is a caricature; not one of those caricatures, like Nast's, which are more natural than a fair portrait, but a semblance only. The sweet, generous mouth of Andrew, so kindly, so quivering, so eloquent in speech or conversation, is wholly wanting. There is no soul in the face; and no inspiration, no up-lifting, whatever, emanates from its presence. The pose is incorrect—this figure inclining forward, while a fleshy man, like the Governor, invariably stands upright, if not leans backward, to counter-balance the weight of his abdominal section. One stands before Beethoven, in Music Hall, and soon feels his spirit aglow with the great master's. One may stand all day before Andrew, and fail to realize, from any dignity or character belonging to it, that he was more than an everyday, plodding sojourner here below. There is a constant contest between what Andrew was in our remembrance and what this statue represents him—the latter belittling, the former elevating him. The wonder is that Thomas Ball should have executed it—a man who certainly should have better knowledge of the human figure."

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... he met his own fate in

... with this much that rightly
... from the critics in their treatment
... as a sculptor :

... would never forgets the woman in the
... is slower to forgive her errors (even of
...) as a woman, than it is to acknowledge
... as a genius. It seems to be chiefly
... errors which have called forth a torrent of
... criticism against Miss Ream, which extends
... to sheer inimitable against her work. The time
... has come to make a distinction. Say that she is
... a little theatrical, and not at all to your taste, per-
... sonally, if you please; her manners, whatever
... they may be, give you no just excuse for berating
... her work. She has brought a grand literal statue
... of Lincoln—an absolute likeness of the good man
... whom we love—across the ocean, and placed it
... in the old Hall of Representatives—the noblest
... statue in the Capitol. Let us do it absolute justice
... for what it is, just as if the girl who made it had
... neither eyes nor ringlets, and had never used
... either one for purposes of "art." I read in an
... effusive, one-sided criticism on it this morning,
... this once true statement: 'A work of art that is
... worthy of the name, should bear no trace of sex.'
... "We do not need to ask whether man or wo-
... man painted Rosa Bonheur's cattle or wrote
... George Elliott's novels; they are their own ex-
... cuse for being.' That is precisely Miss Ream's
... Lincoln's excuse for being. It holds its right in
... its absolute reflection of the man whom it repre-
... sents. In beholding it, no impartial judge would
... receive the slightest hint whether the artist who
... wrought it wore ringlets or was the proud pos-
... sessor of a heart. In another criticism I read a
... sweeping denial of all woman sculptors: 'Look
... at Vinnie Ream's "Lincoln" it says.' 'It's weak,
... it's effeminate; it lacks woefully that expression of
... strength and that comprehensive atmosphere of
... manliness that a man should have given it!!'
... There is a statue of Lincoln that a man made
... standing before the city hall of Washington; there
... is another statue of Lincoln that a man made
... standing by Union Square, New York. Where is
... 'the strength and power, the atmosphere of man-
... liness,' that a man should have given them?
... Alas! not in those ungainly images. The une-
... quivocal verdict of some of the first artists of the
... world is that the best and truest statue of Lincoln
... made yet stands in the Capitol of the United
... States; and that one was made by a woman."

THE ART REVIEW is a valuable addition to
the literature of any home, assisting in the cultiva-
tion of a correct love for the beautiful.

page
rob the
or restrain u.

when they have
toilet. But there
which, through success.
tication, have reconciled
with man, and no more compla.
does the geranium or fuschia that,
free woods, clings to its sunny spot in
den.

If you have, or have not, children: if you
or are not, rich; be your home elegant or hum-
ble, buy a bird or two. The irrepressible little
gusher will infect every artery and vein in your
home organism. In these days of matrimonial
skepticism, many a petulant human pair may
learn wisdom of a couple of canaries, and get a
glimpse of that divine alchemy by which a stub-
born will is resolved through mutual concession,
and a kind word twittered or spoken. If you
need not this lesson, and want only an interpreter
of your own joy, buy a mocking-bird; an Eng-
lish song-thrush; a nightingale, if you have
money enough; a black-cap, the nightingale's first
cousin; or a lark, or linnet, or a good German
canary. Try it, even if you must at first educate
your ear and your patience. The little fellow,—
for, mind you, the lady-birds do not sing—will
give you many a hint, each worth more than his
weight in gold. If you are a sluggard in the
morning, go to your cage and discover why the
early worm is endangered, and for originality or
thrif's sake, abandon your pitiless patronage of
the vermiculous victim who had "no business to
be out so early." Get, too, a glimpse of the
sound, philosophic decency that prompts apprecia-
tion of care and attention; learn from your bird
how health is related to food; learn gratitude;
learn the true theory of dependence of which
you, Sir Keeper, are not independent; learn
something about old fashioned attachment to
home, and also how to break forth into gratified
praise, for the simple reason that your heart is
pure, and must therefore sing, or burst with very
joy. Cast your face skyward, bask in the sun,
disgorge the indigestible, be patient within the
limitations wisely imposed by Providence, don't
call your sphere a cage, believe that enough is as

and

W1.

That plants a.
is probably due to
often have, grown in
A part of this trouble is
for example, the necessity for
heat in the winter, which dries
phere to such a degree that plants ma-
consequence. Yet, with care, some of the
culties may be overcome—else we should n-
see plants at all, while it is notorious some get
along quite nicely with window plants, although
they are oftener met with in the cottage than the
mansion.

A reason for this may be found in the fact that
the dwellings of the poorer people are rarely kept
so hot as the rich—while owing to cooking going
on, and other causes, there is more moisture in
the air, thereby giving the plants a better chance
to thrive. To succeed, then, in growing plants in
dwellings, it is necessary to keep the air around
the plants at a moderate temperature, say from
fifty to sixty degrees, and as moist as possible, by
having the plants stand on damp moss, sand, or
other material, that will all the time be giving
off moisture amongst the leaves.

Any plant having leaves large enough—as the
beautiful, waxy camelia, the India rubber plant,
and others, are greatly benefitted by occasion-
ally sponging the leaves with water, by which
means the dust that accumulates on them is
removed—a fruitful source of trouble to house
plants. Where sponging is not applicable, as
with small-leaved sorts, or those of a woolly or
rough surface, a syringing, or what is better, an
hour or two in a warm rain will have the same
effect, and be vastly beneficial to the health of
the plants.

EDGAR SANDERS.